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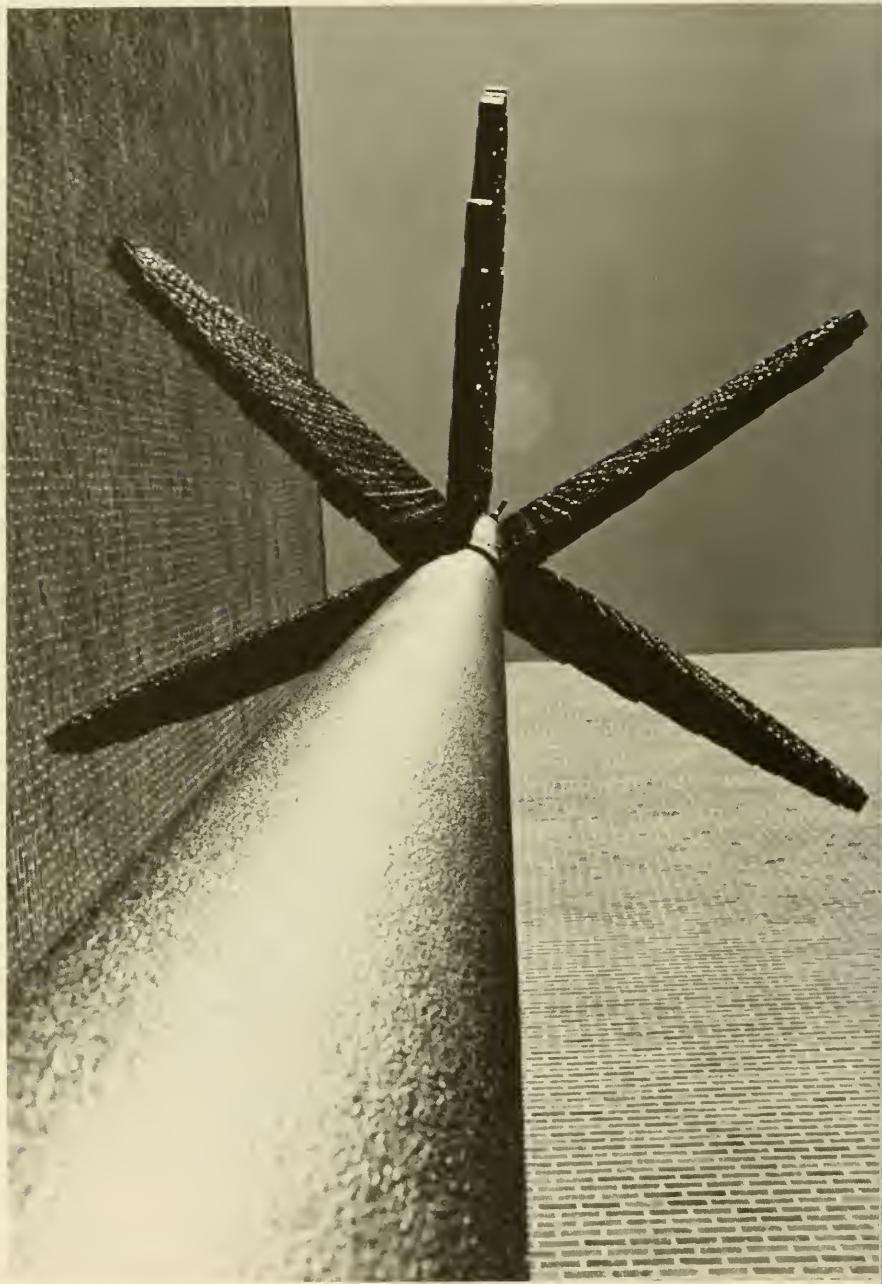
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The Ohio
UNIVERSITY ALUMNUS
Magazine

Fastest game on two feet

NOVEMBER, 1973





The Ohio Magazine

UNIVERSITY ALUMNUS

November, 1973

Number 3

The Ohio University Alumnus Magazine

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The metal tree in the University's mini-park is the subject of this photograph by John Harlan, a sophomore in journalism.



Baggataway—Our Native Game

by Tiff E. Cook



Tiff Cook's lacrosse-playing experience has led him to all versions of the sport. At Ohio University he coached the lacrosse club in the field version; back home in his native Canada he played box lacrosse, and on several occasions he has played against Canadian Indians in a box lacrosse experience not far removed from the vehemence of the original game.

In his off-hours Cook spends most of his time with his wife and three children. But he still finds time to write (he has published about eight articles on such topics as ancient Greek and Roman sports and the underhand shot in lacrosse) and to paint (he has done watercolors and abstracts in oils, as well as pen and ink drawings).

Baggataway, known more popularly as lacrosse, remains one of North America's original homespun sports. Whereas the majority of sports presently played by Americans and Canadians have at some time been imported from abroad and remodelled, lacrosse is a native activity in North America.

The exact origin of the game is lost in the obscurity surrounding the early history of the American Indians. The white men observed the game at least as early as 1719 when the Jesuit Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix witnessed a contest among Algonquins along the St. Lawrence River.

As played by the various tribes occupying the northeastern United States and Canada, as well as some in parts of the Northwest, the game was a fascination to the white men of the rough frontier. It was fast, exciting and thoroughly brutal. The Indians, in addition to looking upon it as a game, considered it a training exercise for warfare.

Indeed, it was used as warfare itself on at least one occasion. On June 4, 1763, a gathering of Ojibwas and Sacks, pretending to celebrate the birthday of King George III, staged a lacrosse game in front of the British garrison at Fort Michilimackinac. The troopers gathered to watch, some even venturing outside the fort for a better look. During the course of play the ball was thrown near the gate and as the players rushed to retrieve it, they were handed weapons which the Indian spectators had smuggled into the playing area. Fort Michilimackinac fell in the ensuing blood bath.

Lacrosse, Indian style, has given way to two milder versions of the game—box and field lacrosse. In the original

version, Indians were often given a stick to carry the ball and a club to use to either take the ball from an opponent or keep the opponent at bay while running with the ball. The pre-game strategy was simple—club your opponent, take the ball and run to the other tribe's goal line. The more civilized adaptations of the Indian style of play have made participation safer for competitors.

Lacrosse teams were eventually organized by non-Indian factions in the North, East and the Midwest by 1875 with hotbeds for the game kindling in centers around Baltimore, New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The players from these clubs ignited the flame of interest in lacrosse in the colleges and universities—the present day haven for field lacrosse.

Over a period of nearly a century, the game gradually spread to colleges and universities across the country. Ohio University established a lacrosse club in 1966. Through the combined efforts of a handful of Canadians, students raised in the East with lacrosse, graduates from eastern and other midwestern colleges where lacrosse was an established activity, and the intramural department at Ohio University, a roster and schedule of games were completed. Field-type sticks were imported directly from a Canadian Indian reservation, where they are hand-crafted from hickory by Mohawks and Iroquois. A kit of protective gear loaned from an eastern lacrosse manufacturer and hand-me-down football jerseys fulfilled the equipment needs. Despite futile efforts from time to time to reach varsity, intercollegiate status, the sport carries on as one of Ohio University's solid sport clubs.

The field game, played mostly in the United States, differs from the box version in that it is played on a rectangular field, 100 yards long and 60 yards wide. A 6'x6' goal is located at each end of the field. A team comprising ten players (a goalie, three attackmen, three midfielders and three defensemen) try to manoeuvre the ball downfield by running with the ball or passing it to a teammate with the hopes of shooting the ball past the opposing goalie. A goal counts one point and the team amassing the greatest number of points after 60 minutes of play is declared the winner.

Certain restrictions in the rules regulate player movement and require a team to keep at least four players in their defensive end of the field and three attacking players in the offensive zone. The remaining three players, classified as midfielders, have unrestricted movement on the field.

Because of the physical demands imposed on the midfielder, fresh midfield units are sent into action every few minutes. The midfielders are the backbone of the team and a team's success depends upon the strength of its midfielders.

Infractions such as tripping, slashing and hitting an opponent on the head with the stick result in player penalties and loss of the ball. The penalized team's effectiveness is reduced since penalized players must sit out for a specified length of time depending upon the nature of the infraction.

The box game, played throughout Canada, employs only six players and resembles a game combining the skills of ice hockey and basketball. Designing primarily an indoor game, the originators of box lacrosse envisioned greater utilization of vacant ice arenas during the summer months. Unfortunately, the principle of spectator comfort was overlooked and many



PHOTO BY DOUGLAS STEWART



PHOTO BY SONGDA HOPPER

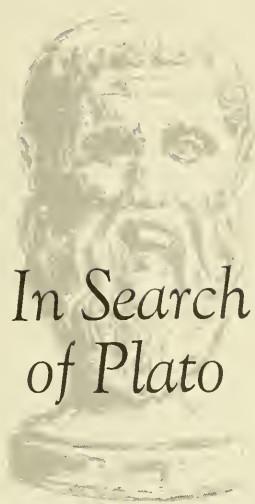
would-be supporters of the box game could not endure a contest during July or August in a poorly ventilated, hot, sweltering arena. The result has generally been floundering popularity for box lacrosse and poor gate receipts, which in turn has inhibited the game's growth. Nevertheless, the game appears to be perpetrating itself. During the last five to ten years, a phenomenal and encouraging growth in youth lacrosse has given the box game new life.

The growth of lacrosse in North America has been painstakingly slow but steady. Since the game remains basically an amateur undertaking without the rich and lavish support of television and big business, the game has not enjoyed the rapid expansion as recently evidenced in games like ice hockey, tennis and motor racing.

Now a move is afoot to lift lacrosse out of the doldrums and place it in the lifestream of American sporting interests. Since there is a decided preference for professional sports over amateur ones in America, lacrosse is presently being promoted as a professional sport. Professional box lacrosse franchises can be obtained for \$100,000 each. Chicago, Minnesota, Detroit, Boston, Long Island and Toronto are the intended sites for the new professional box lacrosse teams.

The idea of professional box lacrosse in America is interesting but the prognosis for success of the league is dim. Box lacrosse, Canadian style, is unlikely to replace the American field game. The enthusiasts of the long-standing field game are not about to throw their allegiance to this proposed box lacrosse league. Without a "farm system" for preparing box players in America's colleges and universities where the field game is strongly rooted, the promoters for box lacrosse will have to import playing personnel from north of the border. Whether the importation formula will work for lacrosse like it has for pro hockey remains questionable. The promoters' problem is obvious—no farm system, no players, no team.

In retrospect, the founders of baggataway may be proud of the fact that lacrosse continues as an amateur undertaking free from the manipulation and exploitation of money-hungry promoters and the monopolistic practices of big business. ♦



In Search of Plato

by J. David Stewart



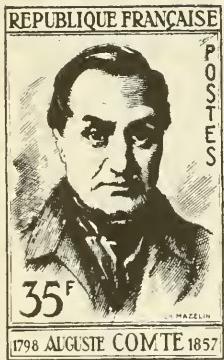
Though he teaches philosophy at the University and is assistant chairman of the department, built his own harpsichord and wrote our article on philately, David Stewart considers himself principally a bibliophile. He shares his home with his wife Audrey (librarian at the Athens Middle School) and their two children and shelf upon shelf of books. He shares his office with more shelves of books and with a strange plaster apparition with squiggy wire hair which his daughter made. It helps Stewart in his determination not to take himself too seriously.



Stamp collecting is alive and well in Athens. The Athens Stamp Club meets monthly in Alden Library and is a loose confederation of grade school children, University students, townspeople and professors—a unique melding of town and gown, bound together by a mutual delight in philately (an activity always sounds more impressive if it is given a title derived from Greek).

Perhaps an explanation of the term philately itself is in order. Derived from the Greek words for love (*philos*) and taxes (*telos*), the word philately is a reminder that those little pieces of paper are actually a form of taxation. But to be etymologically accurate, the "a" in philately (which Greek scholars call an alpha privative) indicates freedom from delivery taxes by virtue of the stamp which the sender affixes to the letter. So much for the scholarly side of things.

In the minds of most devotees, philately is the collecting of postage stamps, with hardly a thought given to the fact that every stamp purchased from the post office for a collector's album is a form of taxation at its purest, a windfall for the government, since it gives no service in return (for the purchase of a brightly colored piece of paper). Some philatelists do extend their interests to include such revenue issues as alcoholic beverage tax stamps, tobacco tax stamps, customs fees stamps and stock transfer stamps, just to name a few possibilities. But there will always be the purist who insists that postage stamps alone are the essence of philately.



Philately, however, is not what it used to be, as one collector friend recently observed, for there are just too many postage stamps being printed these days. To preserve his sanity, as well as his pocketbook, the collector must specialize (only kings, tycoons and museums can afford a comprehensive world-wide collection). But even geographical specialization offers a myriad of choices . . . everything from Great Britain and British Europe to Vatican City.

Geographical specialties are gauche for the topical collector, for whom the American Topical Association (one of 31 national philatelic associations) exists as a clearinghouse for the exchange of information on various topical specialties. The *Scott Monthly Stamp Journal*, in addition to noting each month the new issues world wide, publishes monthly listings for topical specialists: Americana, animals, autos, butterflies, cats, children, dogs, fish, flags, flowers, folklore, horses, music, nudes, reptiles, ships, trains . . . the mind boggles.

Being a card-carrying philosopher, I searched these listings for what I want to be my specialty: philosophers. Surely, I told myself, the molders of civilization, the thinkers of the Great Thoughts of Mankind, have found their place on the postage stamps of the world alongside princes, presidents, prime ministers and generals. But I searched in vain. Even *Linn's Stamp News*, a weekly tabloid, which describes itself as the "World's Largest and Most Informative Weekly Stamp Newspaper" (with a current circulation of 88,000 and published in Sidney, Ohio), failed to turn up the specialty listing I want. But its 18 pages of classified ads, in particular its exchange/trade columns, made me wish I had something to barter or that my specialty interests were not so narrow ("My U.S. and foreign coins for your undamaged used large U.S. commemoratives"; "Send 100 large U.S. Commemoratives, receive 50 large foreign"; "Send silver quarter, U.S. or Canada, receive 70 different used U.S. or world").

In desperation I turned to *Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue*, subtitled "The Encyclopedia of Philately," now in its 129th edition, revised annually and published in three volumes, offering a halftone illustration or description (or both) of virtually every major variety of postage stamp ever printed and including a catalog price for the stamp in either used or unused fine condition (the price being based on the average dealers' price). Twenty-seven hundred pages of stamp catalog is a lot of reading, even for a philosopher used to prolixity. A quick flipping of pages, an exercise akin to the long-distance runner's warming up calisthenics, raised a further question: Just what would the limits of my philosophic philatelic specialty be? Or to put the matter differently, just who should I include as a bona fide philosopher? Luther and Calvin? (Too theological). Lenin and Mao? (Too political). Galileo and Copernicus? (Too scientific). Dante and Goethe? (Too literary). I finally concluded that I would select only stamps featuring philosophers *qua* philosophers (if one is a philosopher, one always says *qua* instead of "as"). If, and only if, a philosopher is featured on a stamp because of his philosophical importance will he find a place in my collection. I plunged in. Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Alaouites, Algeria, Argentina. No philosophers. Austria, Belgium, Bhutan, Bolivia, Brazil. *Voilà*. A philosopher, Auguste Comte. With

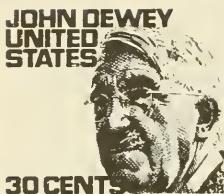
the tingle of delight that a hunter of four-leaf clovers must experience when spotting one after searching for hours among the more common variety, I eagerly noted the Scott number (854) and the catalog price (ten cents, unused).

My persistence continued to be rewarded. Bulgaria has two philosophers on stamps (Montesquieu and Dostoyevsky), but already my principle is weakening. Dostoyevsky's fame as a novelist got him on a stamp, but then he is one of my favorite philosopher-novelists. I put down the numbers. Danzig honored Schopenhauer with three stamps, Denmark has one philosopher stamp (Kierkegaard, naturally). France is a veritable treasure house for my specialty: Descartes, Rousseau, Bergson, Pascal (two stamps), Comte, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Camus. Then Germany. Not as many as I expected, but two medieval philosophers, Nicholaus Cusanus and Albertus Magnus, as well as Kant and Leibniz. The German Democratic Republic went overboard on Hegel (three stamps) and Marx (too many for my collection, not to mention the Marx stamps from Poland, Romania, Russia, Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, et al.). So I decided on a nice Marx souvenir issue from East Germany, a three-stamp *se tenant* set (a technical term describing stamps of different designs printed together and separated by perforations). So much for Marx.

I expected great things from Greece: stamps featuring Plato, Aristotle, Parmenides, Socrates. But my expectations were frustrated. Greece honors lots of assorted gods and goddesses: Hermes, Apollo, Athena, Venus, Demeter. But not Plato. Alexander the Great made it several times, but not his teacher, Aristotle. The best I could get from Greece was a stamp honoring the pre-Socratic philosopher Democritus (noted for his atomistic materialism), but that is only because the Greeks named a scientific research facility after him. My principle already having been thoroughly compromised, I dutifully wrote down the number and the price of the stamp (\$1.20).

Several patterns emerged from my investigations. Philosophers generally fare less well on stamps than do writers, poets, painters, musicians and historians. Certainly they are overshadowed by leaders of national liberations, princesses, scientists, astronauts, generals, admirals, saints. Even birds, butterflies and flowers do better than philosophers. Some countries, in a kind of chauvinism, limit their offerings only to philosophers of their own. Italy has stamps for Croce, Vico, Campanella and Machiavelli; Persia offers two stamps honoring the Arab philosopher Al Farabi. But in a kind of philatelic ecumenism, Poland (in addition to several stamps honoring Copernicus, which I passed over) has stamps featuring Comte, Heraclitus, Francis Bacon and Leibniz. So I pressed on, reasoning that if India can issue a stamp commemorating Bertrand Russell (a 1973 issue) and Poland can offer two stamps in honor of Avicenna, some country somewhere has a stamp featuring Plato. The best the United States can do is a 30 cent definitive (a philatelic term referring to regular issues as distinct from commemoratives) picturing John Dewey. Suspecting that Dewey is featured as an educator and not a philosopher, I consulted *Postage Stamps of the United States*, an official publication describing all United States postage and special service stamps issued by The





United States Postal Service and available from the Government Printing Office. This publication announced that the stamp honors "Dr. Dewey, educator and philosopher." If the United States government knows that John Dewey was a philosopher, that is good enough for me.

My remaining survey of Volume III of the Scott catalog offered a few surprises, but no Plato. Russia has numerous stamps honoring Marx, Lenin, and Engels (which I passed over) but one commemorating Diderot (which I added to my list). The remaining countries at least have heard of philosophers: Senegal (Gaston Berger), Spain (Averöes and Maimonides), Switzerland (Rousseau), Turkey (Al Farabi, again), but everyone continues to ignore Plato.

As pictured on stamps, philosophers appear to be a particularly dour lot (which any student who has had freshman philosophy knows is untrue). I suppose that in the minds of graphic designers, wisdom and sobriety are concomitant virtues, but there are exceptions to this trend toward seriousness. Senegal features a smiling Gaston Berger accompanied by what one assumes is the owl of Minerva perched on one of his books. France's Voltaire issue pictures him with a slight, perhaps repressed, smile. But then the author of *Candide* cannot possibly be accused of being devoid of wit. Denmark's Kierkegaard stamp presents the famous profile, which one who has read any of his books must describe as enigmatic.

In surely what is the most unkind stroke of all, Danzig's Schopenhauer commemoratives picture both the young and the aged Schopenhauer (perhaps a "before" and "after" philosophy view?). The aged Schopenhauer appears entirely capable of pushing his landlady down a staircase, which he is alleged to have done. Germany's portrayal of Nicholaus Cusanus makes him appear very mystical (which he was), and Italy's stamp honoring Machiavelli makes him look, well . . . positively machiavellian. Sometimes the background details are more interesting than the portraits themselves. France's 90-centime stamp honoring Descartes pictures his *Discours sur la méthode*, and the 50-centime stamp of Pascal shows him flanked by a cross on the right and cog wheels and a plumb line on the left, indicating his interests in religion as well as his contributions to mathematics and physics. My favorite of all, though, is Turkey's four-stamp set honoring Al Farabi, which shows him ensconced in Moorish splendor.

Many philosophers are notable for their absence: Thomas Aquinas would be a natural for Vatican City, as Spinoza would be for The Netherlands. Great Britain could choose from a whole host of greats: Locke, Berkeley, Hume, G. E. Moore, and they can argue with Austria over who gets Wittgenstein. Any one of the emerging nations of Asia or Africa who, one suspects, meet a great part of their balance of payments by the export of postage stamps for collectors, could achieve philatelic greatness by issuing a stamp in honor of Plato; 1973 is the 2400th anniversary of his birth, a perfect occasion for a Plato commemorative series. If all western philosophy is but a series of footnotes to Plato, as the British-born and Harvard-based philosopher Alfred North Whitehead insisted (no postage stamp yet honors him either), then philately has a lot of catching up to do. 



Tenth District U. S. Representative Clarence E. Miller, named an Ohio University Honorary Alumnus in October, 1973, and Dr. Paul Ploutz tested the metric scales they are holding. Miller (l.) weighs in at 81 kilograms and Ploutz (r.) made it to 89. Miller agrees with Ploutz' claim that metric conversion is inevitable and supports a carefully planned change-over.

The Coming of the Kilogram

Introducing for the FIRST TIME ON A NATION-WIDE BASIS in these United States—that well-known trio, beloved on the European Continent for over a century—**METER!!! LITER!!! and GRAM!!!**

Yessir, ladies and gentlemen, these little lovelies have made themselves household words in France, *Italy*, **GERMANY!** The Old World has taken The Metric System to its collective heart.

But here in the United States we have been inching along the road to metric conversion for years. Though there has been determined opposition to it, such conversion is probably inevitable. Hospitals, the pharmaceutical industry, film and camera concerns and the aerospace complex have switched already. Other manufacturers are following suit. The Ford Pinto engine, for example, is totally metric. "Now that Detroit has joined the swing to metric, things will move more swiftly," predicts Dr. Paul F. Ploutz, an associate professor of curriculum and instruction at Ohio University.

Dr. Ploutz, a long-time enthusiast for the metric system, has written a manual entitled *The Metric System: A Programmed Approach*, published by Charles E. Merrill Publishing Company. He feels that perhaps his crusade finally is getting somewhere. "The metric system is gaining momentum which will continue regardless of formal legislative action. Well over 100 nations are now metric. We're the last of the holdouts: Canada, England, Australia—all metric."

The English-speaking countries traditionally have been the strongest opponents to the new system. The so-called English system of feet, inches, etc. is centuries old and is based on natural objects. The metric method is based on artificial standards. According to Ploutz, the inch is the distance between the first knuckle and the tip of the thumb. And actually, if you are making just a casual estimate of length, this rule of thumb works well enough. Measure it and you realize why the same Italian word, *pollice*, means both inch and thumb.



Among other units within the English system the foot equals 36 barleycorns laid end to end (to end to end to end), the yard was the distance from the tip of King Edgar's nose to the end of his middle finger when he extended his arm full length, and an acre was measured by the amount of land a yoke of oxen could plow in one day. Such a mode of measurement was, at best, inconsistent. If you happened to have lazy oxen and tough ground you were in trouble. And how were people in the south to measure yards when King Edgar and his arm were in the north? Presumably, in the course of human events, King Edgar's arm would be buried with him—then what? The passage of time imposed the standardization of measurements and they developed into the forms we now know.

Of course, the English system was not the only one based on such naive elements. All countries had comparable schemes. The problem was that no two countries had the same system, except countries which were originally colonies and used the same set-up as their mother countries. But even that was, and is, not universal. The United States uses the English system, but we maintain the old, Winchester bushel and the British have adopted the Imperial bushel, somewhat larger. Their Imperial gallon has five quarts to the four in our gallon.

Throughout history there have been proposals to unify measurements to facilitate both internal and external trade. Little was accomplished until the late 18th century. Then the French established a commission to devise a system of weights and measures simpler than the one they had. In 1791 a report went from the commission to the French National Assembly, proposing what evolved into our modern metric system.

The new system had to undergo several modifications before it developed as it now stands. In 1875 the International Bureau of Weights and Measures was established to bring about "international unification and improvement of the metric system". Finally, in 1960 the 11th General International Conference on Weights and Measures established the *meter*, the fundamental unit of length, as equal to 1,650,763.73 wavelengths of the orange-red line of krypton -86 under specified conditions (!).

The basic unit of capacity, the *liter*, is the volume of one-tenth of a meter, cubed. The *gram*, the fundamental unit of mass, is the mass comparable to 0.001 of the mass of a platinum-iridium cylinder in Paris, France; however one millimeter of pure water at a temperature of 4°C. is still used for practical purposes. It really is not as complicated as it seems. The official models for these basic units are located at the seat of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Sevres, a suburb of Paris. But there are all sorts of metric measuring devices available, as handy as yardsticks. We have measured in feet, ounces and quarts all our lives and who among us has any idea where the official models of them are housed?

Most metric measurements are expressed in these three basic units—meters, liters and grams (the much-touted vaudeville favorites). Larger and smaller units are done decimal and standard prefixes are used. One tenth of a meter, for example, is called a *decimeter*; one hundredth a *centimeter*, and one



thousandth a millimeter. Going the other way, one thousand meters equal a kilometer, which is the normal over-the-road measurement. It is used as we use the mile, but it takes 1.6 kilometers to make a mile. The *deci-*, *centi-*, *milli-* and *kilo-* prefixes apply to the liter and gram as well.

All of this sounds confusing and you are probably muttering, "Why can't they just leave well enough alone?" The problem is, they most likely will not and the change must be accepted sooner or later. Ploutz points out that although metric legislation has not passed Congress, it is bound to in the next year or so. Hawaii has passed state legislation on the matter, and California will begin teaching the metric system in 1975. President Nixon has endorsed the idea as "an important step which could be of great significance in fostering technological innovations and enhancing our position in world trade."

In most countries, including France where it originated, the metric system came into predominant use solely through compulsory establishment by law as the legal standard. Even then, all former systems had to be suppressed by force. It does not have to be so extreme. Once the issue passes Congress we should see the English and metric methods existing side by side for a while, then the English will gradually be phased out. This peaceful coexistence is already widely in effect. Many items on grocery shelves are marked in both English and metric units of weight, home dressmaking patterns carry fabric requirements and seam allowances in both styles and we have been receiving vaccinations and other medical injections in terms of cubic centimeters (cm^3) for years. The highway department is getting into the act by erecting signs such as the one along I-71 going north from Columbus—"Cleveland 94 miles; Cleveland 151 kilometers."

Prepare yourself by beginning to think metrically now, even if you claim you wouldn't touch the system with a three-meter pole.  PLB



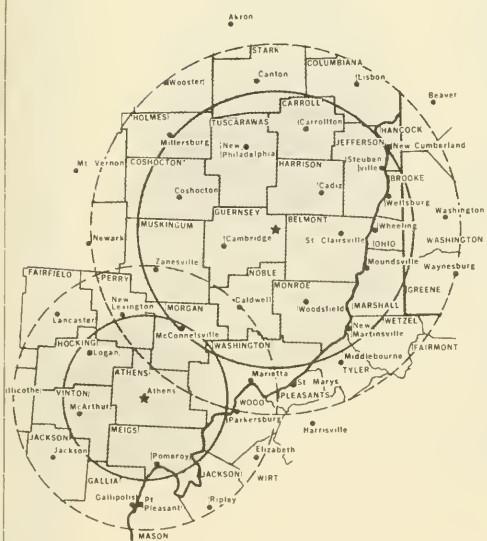
English system	Approximate metric equivalents
1 inch	25 millimeters
1 foot	0.3 meter
1 yard	0.9 meter
1 quart	1 liter
1 ounce	28 grams
1 pound	0.45 kilograms

Metric system	Approximate English equivalents
1 millimeter	0.04 inch
1 meter	3.3 feet
1 meter	1.1 yards
1 kilometer	0.6 mile
1 liter	1 quart
1 gram	0.035 ounces
1 kilogram	2.2 pounds



PHOTO BY HARRY SNAVELY

Telecommunications: Appalachia Today and Tomorrow



The Appalachian region is not usually thought of as a ghetto, for the inhabitants are not confined to a few square blocks of a city, but instead are scattered among the hills and valleys of several states. Like most ghettos, the inhabitants are trapped in a poverty cycle which restricts them from the mainstream of American life and keeps them from sharing their rich cultural heritage with the larger population. But, through the community service broadcasting of WOUB-FM, WOUB-TV, and WOUC-TV (Cambridge) the people are not only being reached, their rich and varied culture is being made widely available. However, the radio and television broadcasting of WOUB comprises only one function of the Telecommunication Center, whose other activities include medical as well as instructional services that are impressive in their achievements and possibilities.

Broadcasting had a modest beginning at Ohio University. In 1942, a six watt radio station began operating, serving only the University. Seven years later, WOUI-FM, the forerunner of WOUB-FM, began broadcasting, and was the first FM station in Ohio and third in the nation. WOUB-AM began broadcasting in 1957 with 100 watts, its power increased to the present level of 250 watts the following year. WOUB-TV, Channel 20, showed its first program in January, 1963, and in July, 1973, WOUC-TV, Channel 44 Cambridge, came on the air, extending coverage deeper into Ohio, West Virginia, and to western Pennsylvania.

Ohio University holds noncommercial licenses for two radio stations, WOUB-AM and FM. "The frequency belongs to the people," says N. Joseph Welling, director of the Telecom Center. "The station's job is to extend public resources to the community, to serve community needs in a realistic way." The audiences of the AM and FM stations differ, and as a result, so do the programming and production styles.

The service of WOUB-AM is localized to Athens County, a listening audience consisting primarily of the University community and townspeople. The station utilizes a news magazine format, using the ABC information network, wire services, National Public Radio offerings and its own news gathering teams composed mainly of students. The music basis is varied, offering popular, rock and easy listening. There are six hours weekly of programs designed by and for black members of the Athens community; the Metropolitan Opera is carried when in season; the news documentary and information program "All Things Considered" is carried live from Washington, D.C. through NPR, and programs like community dialogue are an attempt at bettering understanding between the University and town populations.

WOUB-FM, using 50,000 watts, serves primarily the rural residents in 30 Appalachian counties of Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. The format features country western music, with news and information segments interspersed. The FM station has made a definite commitment to help solve Appalachian social problems, and has enlisted the aid of public as well as private agencies which serve the communities. For example, the station broadcasts information on black lung benefits and food stamps; job opportunities in Ohio and West Virginia are interspersed throughout the day as well as in a special 30-minute program daily at 12:30 p.m. The Ohio Public Utilities Commission and the Ohio Consumer Protection Agency, among other groups, answer inquiries from listeners on a variety of problems. The toll-free Action Line provides a 24-hour access to the station. Callers will either have their questions answered, or be referred to the appropriate agency. Broadcast coverage also includes regional festivals, fairs and musical gatherings.

At 6:30 in the evening, the format shifts to an emphasis on public and cultural affairs. "All Things Considered" is rebroadcast along with classical music, jazz, performances by University concert groups and concerts by the Cleveland Symphony. The earlier programming, however, is a source of continuing controversy within the University community, which objects to the country western format. The problem the station faces is how best to reach the people of the entire area. The question that must be answered is: How do they use radio? The lesson learned by commercial broadcasters 20 years ago is that people tend to listen to stations rather than programs. The rural Appalachian audience wants music primarily, news, secondarily; country western is the music of their choice. (People who listen to country western exhibit a bracketed taste, that is, they are less tolerant of other types of music, while those who listen to popular music will accept some variation). Country western, therefore, provides the music matrix for the 12 hours a day the larger area is served. Welling does not apologize for the format, saying, "You can't produce a service for people who won't listen to it."

WOUB-TV, public television, is also aiming at the Appalachian audience. "RFD," for example, is a 30-minute program whose magazine format covers a wide variety of topical and cultural material. The program is set in a country store visited by individuals or groups with information of a social or practical nature to pass on. A social security administration official might be followed by a lady electrician showing examples of safe and

A sophisticated remote control panel enables the FM disc jockey to work the turntable and tape machine without leaving his chair.



PHOTO BY HARRY SNAVELY



PHOTO BY JIM CROUSE

unsafe wiring and natural-foods experts will describe beverages or other products that can be made from goldenrod or red sumac; regional dulcimer, fiddle and guitar players also make regular appearances.

WOUB-TV's coverage also includes important regional issues. For example, a series devoted to strip mining was aired, concluded by a live forum of environmentalists and coal company owners. Election coverage on both radio and TV was also the most extensive in the state. There were reporters with every major candidate in 17 counties—120 candidates were covered by 100 students working without pay and not for credit.

WOUB-TV is affiliated with the Public Broadcasting Service from which it receives and for which it produces programs. Such offerings as "Sesame Street," "Masterpiece Theater" and "Firing Line" are received through the network.

An exciting new offering of the TV station is "Lock, Stock, and Barrel," a program designed to allow any responsible group in the community a chance to voice their concerns. The purpose is to open the medium, to provide direct personal access to the audience as opposed to providing reports by professionals. There is no charge for 30 minutes of TV time, and the only guidelines are the basic rules of fair play and decency.

The possibilities of the TV facility as an educational medium are constantly being expanded. This past year 14 academic departments made use of public TV and radio programs. A new emphasis on the Extended Learning Program resulted in the series "Understanding Africa." Twelve half-hour programs in the physical science series were recently produced. In-school TV is used as well by the area's elementary schools. In cooperation with Educational TV of Southeastern Ohio, Inc., in-school programs broadcast by WOUB-TV and carried as well by WOUC-TV now reach about 55,000 pupils in public schools.

Videotaping for closed circuit use has become extensive. There are more than 50 departmental TV subsystems on the Athens and branch campuses. The Telecom Center will help a department record a particular program, then the recording becomes a part of the departmental holding to be played for classes on their own equipment. An example of this was the taping of the "Artist & Audience" symposium in the spring of 1973. Nationally known authors Leslie Fiedler, Robert Bly and Joyce Carol Oates visited the campus. Videotapes of their readings and lectures have been used in English classes since then. The center also provides production and utilization services for those departments which don't have their own TV systems; 43 were served last year.

Videotaping is also used for various purposes in the College of Education. Students' sample teaching sessions are taped. In addition to the feedback from the other students, an individual can sit down with his professor and review the tape. TV also allows students to observe pre-school classes at the Early Childhood Institute without causing a disruption in the classroom which would change the children's behavior. The tapes are edited and reused.

Among the many services provided by the Telecom Center, the school bus program has gotten national attention as it completed its second year in 1972-73. WOUB-FM broadcasts radio programs into 35 school buses that bring students to Vinton County High School in McArthur. It is the only high school in the area and some students spend more than two and one half hours a day on the buses. The idea of the Vinton County program is to take transit time that would otherwise be wasted and try to get students more involved in what is going on at the school. The programs are

developed and broadcast by the students at Vinton County High in a training studio. They play "Top 40" songs, and give news about extracurricular activities, athletic events, new library acquisitions and tips on improving study habits. The programs are carried by remote radio link to the new FM transmitter, then broadcast to the special receivers in the buses.

The school bus program uses a subcarrier or subchannel of the station, that is, an excess broadcast capacity allotted to the station by the FCC, and therefore does not interfere with the regular FM broadcasting. When wavelength is assigned, it contains some "cushion" to avoid an overlapping of different stations. The cushion wavelengths are ideal for closed circuit broadcasting and utilize channel capacity that would otherwise be wasted.

The Medical Microwave Project is another innovative use of closed-circuit systems, making possible consultation and diagnosis by TV. In a rural area where there are few doctors, let alone specialists, this is a particular boon. A patient in Athens, for example, can have his problem diagnosed by a specialist in Columbus, while he and his general practitioner are in an Athens hospital. The microwave network will connect the Ohio State University Medical Center in Columbus, O'Bleness Memorial Hospital in Athens, the Holzer Medical Clinic in Gallipolis and the Athens Mental Health Center. All four centers will be able to confer via color TV. The Telecom Center has cooperated with other state agencies to make this service possible.

Microwaves play another role in the Telecom Center's expanding services. Microwaves are high-frequency radio waves that can carry an enormous load: computer information, radio signals, TV signals. Microwaves travel in straight lines only, however, and need relay transmitters between broadcast points. For example, the Athens and Cambridge stations, 60 miles apart, are linked by two relay transmitters along the way. Microwaves will help link WOUB with other ETV stations throughout the state, opening greater possibilities for higher educational experiences.

The enormous and varied services provided by the Telecom Center are even more impressive with the realization that the activities are primarily student operated. The whole operation is qualitatively similar to ones using a much larger professional staff. The 300 students who serve in the course of a year do so mostly without pay and without credit. The lab experience is a very real one, for the student has an identifiable mission as part of a production or news team, which makes it essential that he perform. Some university stations do not use students and are fully staffed by professionals. WOUB is an acknowledged leader in the number of ways students can be used, and is cited as a model nationally. The Telecom Center benefits, of course, directly and indirectly, from the Radio-TV school, and from the School of Journalism.

An American Research Bureau survey, conducted in May, 1973, placed the AM and FM radio stations as having listening audiences comparable to public radio stations in such larger cities as Washington, D.C., Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis. Dr. James Anderson of the R-TV school, doing media research on urban and rural audiences, found in random samples that the cabin at the end of a lonely trail not only has an FM radio, but that radio is tuned to WOUB-FM.

The Telecom Center is playing a pivotal role in local and regional development, in elementary as well as higher education, in health and welfare. As part of expanding state and national systems, the possible services, educationally and socially, appear endless. 



PHOTO BY HARRY SNAVELY



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as well as in Oregon, California and Iowa. His photographs are included in a traveling show, "The Black Photographer, 1908-1970: A Survey", in Black Photographers' Annual '73 and in the soon-to-be-released third volume of The Afro-American Artist. He is art editor of Confrontation: A Journal of Third World Literature.

Daniel S. Williams got his bachelor of arts with a major in art from the City University of New York in Brooklyn. He did undergraduate and graduate work with Ad Reinhardt and Philip Pearlstein. Influenced by the realism of Pearlstein's paintings, he investigated similar esthetic possibilities with the camera. He earned his MA in photography at the University of Oregon where he studied with Bernard Freimesser. The western landscape influenced him to explore further esthetic forms in nature.

Williams, an assistant professor of art at Ohio University, has exhibited in group shows in the Huntington (W. Va.) Galleries, the Studio Museum in New York, at New York's Lincoln Center and at the WEUSU House in New York,

in a traveling show, "The Black Photographer, 1908-1970: A Survey", in Black Photographers' Annual '73 and in the soon-to-be-released third volume of The Afro-American Artist. He is art editor of Confrontation: A Journal of Third World Literature.



On Being a South African Poet: Black

18

. . . *Ergo Sum*

Out of the stone I've hewed
Out of the living rock
And with a thought construed
An interim earth work



PHOTOS BY HARRY SNAVELY

The labyrinth on the third floor of Ellis Hall yields "eye ease" beige office cubicles with thin, elongated, translucent windows which, for the most part, look out at the confines of the maze itself. TEVIS, SWARDSON, CONLIFFE . . . doors emit the clacking of typewriter keys which amplify and echo down the length of the corridor. On the right, white letters spelling out COSMO PIETERSE in a field of black become apparent. A knock, and the wooden door opens.

Inside, books, on shelves and the floor, line the steel walls. Some of the books are for the three departments Pieterse works in as an assistant professor: English, African Studies and Black Studies. Five are collections of African literature he has edited. Still others have been gathered along the roads of Africa and England during his 43 years. Titles of D.H. Lawrence, Shakespeare and anthologies of African poetry glare out from the desk top, almost dwarfing the real concern—the slim, gazelle-like figure of the man seated calmly in his desk chair—Pieterse.

Born in Windhoek, South-West Africa, Pieterse grew up basically rootless in numerous small towns in southern Africa. After receiving a masters degree in arts and a B.A. in education at Cape Town University he taught English grammar and literature at a black district school for the next 11 years. In 1964, however, he left his homeland for London where he taught for four years. Then he devoted his life to free-lance lecturing and acting on the radio and in theaters.

Ohio University invited him to the United States in the fall of 1971 to become a visiting lecturer. As a living environment, the tranquil green hills of Athens reflect Pieterse's humor as distinct as his shy, almost sheepish, off-guard smile—a poet, a humanist.

Any poet is like an unhealed scab on a festering society. He senses, feels, takes the burden of entrapment by his culture as a self-imposed, salty bit in his mouth. In return, a poet pours out his emotions; thought, paper, pen, sixth finger spilling blue blood that nobody can tap. All of this happens to a poet in abnormal times; in a peaceful, serene period between wars, in stillness.

Pieterse comes from a different country, almost even a different world, where everything is statutorily permanent; constant division, constant repression, constant fear—a place where society is regulated by a government which represents less than one-fourth of the total population. A place where a person, if he isn't the right color, must have a passport to go from one district of a city to another, must stand in different lines, sit on designated park benches, live by other laws than the rest of the people, and is perpetually destined to be nothing better than a white man's pawn. Yes, being a black poet in the racial sphere of Cape Town, South Africa, leaves certain scabs pulled off, wounds completely reopened and the blood flowing without the promise of ever stopping . . .

Moonscape: Tomorrow

They're making lunar orbits now
I bet you pretty soon
They'll be building their dark ghettos on
The backside of the moon.

(1969)
(after Blum; Small) Ⓢ

by Alan Horvath

*Poetry in this article
by Cosmo Pieterse.*



Alan Horvath will graduate in December, 1973, with a degree in magazine journalism. While at the University he has been editor of the East Green newspaper Sounding Board. He has written a book of poetry, An Almost Man, enriched by the photography of another student, Charles Dutkiewicz, which will be published this fall by Woodland Farms Press.

To understand what it takes to be a poet with these restraints, a look at the tactics of the Republic of South Africa's present white government, the Nationalist Party, must be made.

After gaining a foothold in the two houses of parliament, the Nationalist Party enacted the Population Registration Act in 1950 which forced everyone to enroll as either being from a white, European background (comprised of the English-speaking, chiefly British descendants and the Afrikaners who are mainly of Dutch origin) or having a nonwhite ancestry (Indians, Colored or Africans). The results exposed a pyramid with the smaller, white population on top in every respect and the nonwhites, comprising the larger base, being oppressed. To preserve their threatened position from mass overthrow, the Nationalist Party (controlled by white Afrikaners) institutionalized apartheid by creating, *inter alia*, the Group Areas Act to sort out the different races into districts in which they may reside, own businesses and establish factories.

"Initially apartheid was applied as the policy of traditional segregation where everybody took more or less for granted that certain rights and privileges were those of the white population . . . and the nonwhites were excluded," Pieterse resounds from his chair, belying his slight, angular frame with a mellow, deep voice. His years of acting in London filter through with properly extended "r's" as he weighs and picks each word as if from a random collection in front of him. "What seemed to be a rich notion of having the different colored cultures return to their tribal roots was only a diversion to keep the people away from politics, so that the smaller number of whites could maintain their power."

Pieterse captured this sense of tragic irony in an allegorical poem which he originally wrote in Afrikaans, his first language, at the outset of apartheid and later translated into English. The color of the sheep represents the lives of the various nonwhite races (Indians, Colored and Africans) and the atonement of the ensuing cessation for the white, Afrikaner race. *

As a result of the installed apartheid, life became a brick wall for most nonwhites. Compulsory education was supplied for the whites while the Indians, Colored and Africans were virtually left to supply their own. Those blacks who could afford the schooling were reduced in number eventually at the universities which had unproportional quotas in favor of the white population. Trying to find work was also impossible since apartheid applied to jobs, leaving many capable nonwhites frustrated and in racial isolation by being forced into one or another of the designated group areas—e.g. District 6 for the Colored group in Cape Town.

"District 6 was a place in the late '40s and '50s where one would find gangs constituted of young, black men who had great ability—tremendous mental and physical capabilities—which very often was lost mainly because they faced a dead end when they finished their schooling," utters Pieterse, indignation flashing in his dark eyes as well as in his inflection. Leaning forward in his chair to accentuate his feelings, his taut skin stretches tighter over his bones. Deliberate and yet self-assured, his words seeming a catalyst

* Retribution & Revolution:

The Afrikaner Sheep & Other Species of Fleece in South Africa

The gambolling grey merino sheep
Grazes the spring that's green for him:
But every single year he's fleeced
& winter finds him dry, cold, very slim.

The Persian sheep may see three years
Before his days achieve full stop:
The seasons that may spare him shears
Pass sentence: spare-ribs or a seasoned chop.

The karakul's new lamb is scarcely
two months into breath
Before the world's fashion affairs
Exact his throat. His pelt spells death.

& yet the Afrikaner-sheep must know
That final reckoning awaits him:
Some day: that day of birth cannot be slow:
Hard blows—a lot! happy returns—will come.

Die Afrikaner en Ander Skape

Die val merino-skaap baljaar:
Lente en somer wag vir hom.
Sy wol word elke jaar geskeer
Net voor die blye lente kom.

Die persie mag drie jare word
En dan is sy min dae op:
Sy lewetjie word ingekort—
Skaapribbetjie—of tjop.

Die karkoel se lam word by
En Maand of twee se ouderdom
Geneem en gou keelaf gesny:
Sy vel is geld; sy leed is stom.

Die Afrikanerskaap weet dat
Daar op die end ook tog vir hom
Die dag, die dag, die een dag wat
Vir al die ander skape wag, sal kom.

to his long hands which interpret what his voice expresses, Pieterse continues. "I could see the possibilities of grandeur and beauty as well as an ugliness meshed together in painful tension . . . a competitive struggle that represented the regime's future South Africa."

District Six

Nowadays its harbours converge their various oceans
The currents of warmth and western Benguela.
Some seamen are weary. The storm winds sigh.
The hips of the women are wide with labour.

As I enter this old city
The mild films of grey sleep as they ache to dawn and spring,
And spring over some cobbles, macadam . . .
And even earth, with labouring breath, I greet
Its pain, my heart open and breaking
For the death that germinates in these streets,
And the buried birth waking:
Good land and morning—
Good morning, Cape Town, mother of pity,
Day, old lady of grace and rags and bones. I wish your
morrow good, madam.

Such is the paradigm which the poets of South Africa are presented—possible harmony being forgotten because of the fear of skin color. In a time when poets of the nation could unite in colors to present conceivable unity, even they are torn apart.

As Pieterse notes in generalization, "The white English-writing South African poets have, for a long time, considered themselves cultural exiles from England." Other than some of the poems of Roy Campbell and the works of poets like William Plomer and Sydney Clouts, most white writers explicate about everything except what they do not see, but is around them—the squalor, the pain, the poverty, the disease.

Reacting to this apathy, but also because the experience of apartheid is so much closer to their lives, most black South African poets work in response to the repression. They deal in anger about revolution, "contemptuously looking down on the big bulge of apartheid."

"In my own case, I tried to steer away from overtly political poems, partly because one was afraid of being propagandistic in the sense that a poem would be less of a felt emotion and more of a trendy exposure of an obvious thing," Pieterse relates of his years in Cape Town. "There was also the fact that the political truths were something the people lived, and they did not need it explained or exposed to them in a poem."

Pieterse rests back in his chair as the attention focuses on his typed poems which are scattered on the desk. His demeanor, however, grows cautious when explicating his past—as if he recounts all he knows concerning certain events, but leaves the story void of his personal feelings and involvement; as if the past is a private segment of his life with which he himself must contend.

And so, from all of these emotions, all of the adrenalin that pumps through his body often making sleep impossible,





Pieterse's poems are created. They never try to hyperbolize because of his blackness, but rather, act as a hand mirror of human experience. Going beyond suffering, the verses contain sanguine hope instead of despair—as though the poet has achieved a oneness, the ability to look at the world through fresh eyes.

"In my poetry, I try to talk about what has made me what I am . . . more of a looking at my life, a looking at the possibilities that I saw in my life and in the lives of other people . . . and almost . . . only by implication . . . a reference to what there was around me. Sometimes a word suggests a whole pattern that could develop; sometimes an idea suggests an image; sometimes an experience seems to suggest a certain structure which comes in a rush and wave of words that I later have to sift through."

He then sorts out the images: pairing, pacing, working on, doing away with the things that look extraneous and excessive, working on—until it is shaped into three or four levels of meaning and integrity, or unity of thought affecting not only the ear, but all of the senses and movement, so that the whole body wants to respond as a combination of muscular tensions and releases. *

The major theme in his conglomerations of "sheer word mongery, mucking around with human history and evolution" is one of poise (i.e., trying to combine all emotions, movement and people together into one entity). Pieterse believes this is possible by becoming aware of one's own sense of balance.

"At a fairly early age I became alert to certain tensions that sometimes lead to a disequilibrium. One over-emphasizes the body. One over-emphasizes the mind. One over-emphasizes one aspect of life at the expense of another," Pieterse says breaking out into a wide grin, his hand going to his goatee in cognition. "At the expense of thinking, one goes into drinking; one wants to stop thinking about life because it's so bitter."

When applied to the paranoia exhibited by the Nationalist Party in South Africa, Pieterse's equilibrium dialectic of unity of the body, soul and mind becomes evident as a human hope to a condition which is leading to armed confrontation. By transcending the transitory world with its commandments of prejudice, racial hatred and human alienation, mankind will be able to progress and learn from each other.

With Athens having what Pieterse terms "community of the soul," the elements of change are present within the student body. Three short years have seen Pieterse explain the cultures of Africa to an uninformed United States through his classes, frequent lectures and poetry readings. In the spring of 1973 he hosted three of the ten programs entitled "Understanding Africa" which were directed by John Harnack for WOUB television. There is a hope for further programs on African history and culture in the future.

In summing up the epitome of his artistic goal of the cosmos—"I hope I'll never make the pure sound the only thing that is meaningful . . . the only thing that I am looking for. I'd like to have my poems as relevant to life and as relevant to a philosophy of life by presenting the hopes of a black who would like to see black, white, colored people combine in a synthesis—humanity." *

* Shapeless
Songscape

Leaves are green
leaves are
yellow leaves are brown
leaves are red
leaving the ground leaving
the ground leaving the trees
leaving the ground
in the
late autumn evening
when the black cat
in the shadows creeps
on the matt
black background
of darkening darkness
leaving
the fire
burning
topaz
in its green
eyes
leaves are leaving
their green cat
calling
falling



Ohio University Wins National Championship

Forensics at Ohio University has made it all the way to the top. The fall of 1973 saw the announcement that the 1972-73 annual national intercollegiate forensic championship was won by Ohio University. The award is based on the success of each competing school at forensic tournaments throughout the season in both debate and individual speaking events. Altogether Ohio University amassed 1,034 points, surpassing thereby not only all schools in the large-school category (8,000 or more students), but all forensic programs in the nation. Results were totaled from 380 intercollegiate tournaments and the University competed against 215 schools in the large-school category.

The forensic team brought glory not only to the University but also to the State of Ohio. Prior to the present championship no Ohio college or university had won top honors in forensics, though Ohio University has been making steady gains on the title for several years. In 1970 the Ohio University team placed 18th in the nation, they were 11th in 1971, 1972 saw them in second place and this year they reached the top.

Intercollegiate competition has not always been the case with forensics at Ohio University. In 1809, five years after the founding of the University, literary societies, the forerunners of forensic teams, were established as the only officially sanctioned extracurricular activity for the students. The members' efforts in composition, poetry, discussion, debate and declamation were made within each society with no official association among the societies.

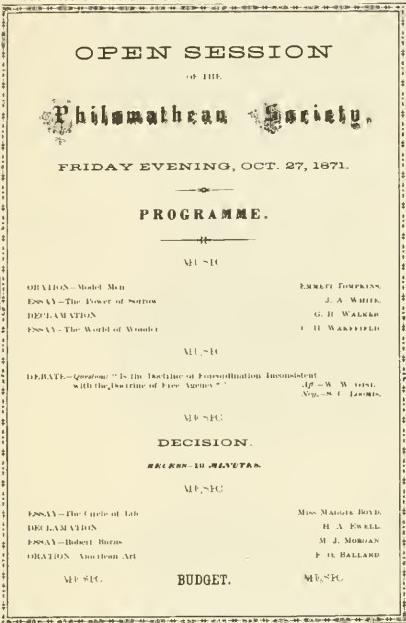
Of the literary societies formed at Ohio University the Athenian Literary Society and the Philomathean Literary Society were the best known. The eventual, and perhaps inevitable, rivalry which sprang up between these two finally manifested itself in intramural debating. The debates generated a great deal of excitement on campus and the two organizations furthered the cause. Taunting remarks were addressed by one society to the other through the student newspaper and handbills and challenges were thrown down over controversial subjects.

Perhaps one issue debated between these two societies was the thorny problem of whether or not women should be allowed to enter their previously all-male ranks. The University admitted women in 1868, the Philomathean Society opened its membership in 1870 and the Athenian Society accepted women in 1872. In a reverse-discrimination move the Adelphian Literary Society was formed in 1890 and its membership was restricted to women.

The exact date is not clearly established, but intercollegiate debate began in the late 1800s. Ohio University's first opponent was, fittingly enough, Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. These two universities are traditional rivals in many aspects of intercollegiate competition so it is appropriate that they initiated a new era together.

Present-day forensics has two major categories in which its proponents may compete—debate and individual events. In

PRIZE CONTEST		
Athenean & Philomathean		
LITERARY SOCIETIES,		
Ohio University.		
TUESDAY, JUNE 23, '74, 7 1/2 P. M.		
ORDER OF EXERCISES.		
Music.	PRAYER.	Music.
	ESSAYS.	
The Defenses of a Free Government.		
DAN MATTHEWS, <i>Syracuse, N.Y.</i>		
Life Sculpture...M. F. PARRISH, <i>Athens, O.</i>		
MUSIC.		
DISCUSSION.		
Should the General Government construct and control a system of national railroads?		
Aff. C. S. WELCH, <i>Athens, O.</i> 27		
Neg. F. S. COULTRAP, <i>McArthur, O.</i>		
MUSIC.		
ORATIONS.		
The Requisite for National Reform.		
G. W. MARTIN, <i>Logan, O.</i>		
Mudsills....EMMETT TOMPKINS, <i>Athens, O.</i>		
Music.	DECISION.	Music.
BENEDICTION.		
*Athenian. †Philomathean.		



Maggie Boyd, one of the essayists featured above, was Ohio University's first woman graduate (June, 1873).

debate a national topic is chosen to be used throughout the academic year. For 1973 the topic has been: Resolved, the federal government should control the supply and utilization of energy resources in the United States. The typical tournament consists of two-person teams from each school. These teams debate four rounds affirmatively and four rounds negatively on the resolution. At the end of the eight rounds the top 16 teams are placed in elimination rounds. Each year the average debater researches several thousand sources on the national topic to prepare for competition. In addition he must analyze, organize and practice the arguments before entering the tournaments. His arguments are never static because following each competition he studies his presentation to discover and eliminate flaws. Emphasis lies on constant improvement.

There are several areas under the heading of individual events. The most frequent are extemporaneous speaking, persuasion and oral interpretation. In extemporaneous speaking the student prepares by organizing a file on current events. At the tournament he is given three current events questions of which he must select one. He then has 30 minutes in which to prepare a five-to-seven minute speech on the topic. A typical question might be: How can inflation in the United States be controlled?

Persuasion requires a student to select a nationally significant problem, thoroughly research it and compose a speech with a problem-solution format. Since preparation is done before the tournament thorough analysis of the problem, with accurate documentation, is expected. Persuasion also offers the student the opportunity to develop his language style. Recent topics have included women's rights, prison reform, child abuse and the problems of elderly people in the nation.

In oral interpretation a student is required to select a ten-minute passage of published prose or poetry, present an introduction in which he analyzes the passage and then an oral interpretation of the selection. Emphasis is placed on the communication of the author's ideas. Original poetry is also an event entered by Ohio University students. In this event the competitor must read his own original poetry.

Other events include impromptu speaking, original humorous speaking, salesmanship, informative speaking, radio speaking and original storytelling. Impromptu speaking is a situation in which the student is given, upon entrance into the auditorium, a topic. He then has seven minutes of presentation time. The normal procedure is to prepare for three minutes and then deliver a four-minute speech. This category is one in which well-read and creative people excel.

In original humorous speaking the student must write and present a speech which has a serious theme presented in a humorous manner. David Beal, an Ohio University junior, currently holds the national championship in this category.

Debate and all the individual speaking events emphasize the development of various communicative skills—the ability to research, analyze, organize, write and deliver one's own ideas. The forensic program draws students from all over the University but most of them, particularly in debate, are pre-law, government and economics majors. Most spend 20-30 hours a week preparing their forensics materials.  PLB

MACHINES THAT PRINT FASTER THAN YOU CAN THINK

Data communications is a phrase to conjure with. It excites images of computers humming and blinking, of space-age projects, of astronauts. Most people think they have nothing to do with data communication and feel the matter is best left with the experts. Yet the term only means transfer of information from one place to another. Everyone uses the most far-reaching system—the worldwide network of interconnected telephones.

Admittedly there is a more complex aspect in which computers do whirr and business is conducted at lightning speed. At least one Ohio University alumnus, Joseph P. Marsalka, '50, is right at home in such an environment. Joe is the founder, president and chairman of the board of MI² Data Systems, Inc. This firm, located in Columbus, Ohio, is in the data transmission equipment field. It is involved in the designing and manufacturing of equipment that allows use of the telephone system to transmit written text or data from one point to another. It is a multi-million-dollar enterprise and growing rapidly.

After Joe Marsalka graduated from Ohio University with a BSC in commerce he did graduate work at Western Reserve University and then earned the JD degree from the Cleveland Marshall Law School. He worked for some ten years for various firms in Ohio and then in 1962 he founded the J. P. Marsalka Company in the basement of his home. He started with \$700 in personal debts, a dilapidated car and the conviction that service to the customer is the only basis upon which to create a business.

The original technical product sales and marketing firm grew, by 1965, into a second company called Measurement Instruments, Inc. Through a determined process of plowing most of the profits back into the company Joe built up a coterie of manufacturers and customers which put Measurement Instruments, Inc. into the bracket with the most successful manufacturers' representative organizations in the country.

The basis of Joe's success was to establish a solid sales and marketing base from which he could mold an engineering, production, marketing and service organization to lead the others. The eventual result was the present company of MI² Data Systems, Inc. The founder's customer/market orientation permeates the entire operation. Each of the company's products was developed to fill a customer-dictated void and at the same time the product was developed to be the best-designed, most reliable piece of equipment of its type.

MI² Data Systems, Inc. is fundamentally in the data transmission equipment field, one which is huge and growing. The present-day need for rapid, accurate information interchange seems almost as basic as food and drink. Equipment produced by Joe's company will permit persons to communicate with persons, persons to communicate with computers and computers to communicate with computers.

The telephone system, now widely used to carry written information, originally was not designed for that purpose. Equipment had to be developed which would allow the digital bits of information generated by teleprinters and computers to be carried over telephone lines and microwave links. This particular piece of equipment has a peculiarly data communications ring to its name—modem. The term is a contraction of modulator/demodulator which still has a technical sound. It simply means that the



A 1950 graduate of Ohio University, Joe Marsalka has an abiding loyalty to the University. Not only has he been active in alumni affairs, he married an OU alumna (Mary Burson '51) and has as vice president in charge of research in his company Charles Spademan '56.

mechanism converts the rapid digital data pulses into frequencies or tones which are then fed into the telephone system, somewhat like the touch-tone dialing system. At the other end of the communication line a second modem changes these tones back into digital data pulses which computers and teleprinters understand. Joe's company makes these modems in two categories: One which allows data to be transmitted at a rate of up to 30 characters (letters, numbers, symbols, spaces) per second; another which can transmit and receive at up to 120 characters per second.

Other equipment produced by MI² Data Systems, Inc. include a line of terminals. The terminal allows data or text to be typed into it much like a typewriter and converts this typewritten material into the digital data pulses. It also prints out material it receives from other terminals or from computers. The one made at MI² Data Systems, Inc. will print up to 120 characters per second. It uses nine tiny needles instead of the hard type of most other equipment of this sort. These needles allow the terminal to print in any language alphabet or symbols—Chinese, Russian, Arabic, etc. They not only can print virtually every symbol desired, they can even sign one's name.

The latest bit of wizardry at Joe's company is something called a Memory Module, production of which began in January, 1973. Basically a micro-computer, the Memory Module measures only 12 x 13 x 5 inches. However, it has a large memory capacity which is totally electronic. It is more than just a data storage system. It uses computer logic and is capable of accepting data at one speed and transmitting it at another.

The human factor is always that which slows the data transmission process, and in any transmission system, particularly where large amounts of data are involved, speed is of utmost importance. With a human operator feeding information in at an average of three to five characters per second, the receiving potential of even a low-speed modem (up to 30 characters per second) is lost. Time and money are wasted. One of the principal concepts behind the development of the Memory Module is to eliminate this costly inhibiting factor in the data transmission loop without making existing investments in data terminal or transmission equipment obsolete.

The human operator types information into the Memory Module which stores it until needed, then transmits it at up to 960 characters per second. It can also receive high-speed transmissions and then store them until the slower terminal can type them out. The storage capacity enables a company to type information into the module during the day and store it for nighttime transmission when the telephone rates are lower.

What makes the Memory Module unique among the other products which can accommodate speed-change transmission is its ability to allow editing of stored information. After typing data into the module, the operator can add or delete words, sentences or lines. Typing errors can be corrected, line length can be altered or the entire format may be adjusted. All of this can be done without retyping the material.

But even the extreme flexibility of the Memory Module may well be improved upon by the time this article is written. In this age in which time is money Joe Marsalka's company is ever attentive to the needs of the customer. MI² Data Systems, Inc. is constantly on the look-out to fill whatever need a customer may develop.  PLB

On the Shore of Chad Creek

by Jack Matthews



Rare books hold a special fascination for Jack Matthews who has among his collection one printed in 1521. Though they do not yet fit into the rare category, the seven books Matthews has had published include five novels, one book of short stories and a book of poems. Further to his credit are about 100 short stories, 80-90 poems and literally too many reviews and articles to count.

In his spare moments Matthews, with his wife Barbara, is restoring an old log cabin near Stewart, Ohio. Their two daughters are living away from home now but the restoration is aided by their 14-year-old son and a Rottweiler dog.

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Melvin Combs, his wife she died. Turned her head to the wall, her arms crossed. She was 81 year old.
Melvin he was 83.

The 2 of them live alone up there. You walk a footbridge across Chad Creek, and climb a footpath about 18 rod up there to the house. You cain't see the house from the road, but you can see it onct you get across Chad Creek.

Melvin sit down and stare at his old woman for a long time. Her name was Maude. Everybody know them 2 for a long time, Melvin and Maude Combs.

Melvin sat there and sighed. He know in his heart it got to happen. She been waking up ever night since the middle of winter, saying, I am cold, I cain't seem to git warm.

Now it was spring time, and they was a dozen blackbirds out in back of the house, 3 or 4 of them on the roof of the shed. The trees was flowering. Maude loved to see the trees flower in the spring, but now she had turned to the wall with her arms crossed over her breast and died.

Melvin was a lone. He sat there in his rocking chair without rocking none at all, and stared at the dead woman's back. He could see from the slope of the covers that her 2 feet was curled around behind, like she was only a little baby sleeping.

Outside, the birds was chirping and a fresh breeze was pushing against the window near her head. But she didn't feel nothing, and neither did Melvin, because the window was closed and the door was closed.

Melvin went over and open the door. When he did, he heard a car driving somewhere down on the road, but he couldn't see the car. You couldn't see the house from the road, and you couldn't see the road from the house. But you could hear the cars go past, and the trucks go past.

Melvin went out on the front porch and looked down the steep and crooked path, past the pine trees that grew on this slope but hardly anywhere else in the valley. Melvin stared down at the edge of the foot bridge, and he said to hisself, I am going to have to carry the body down there. Ain't nobody coming up here to git the body. Hit will be for me to carry the body down and across the foot bridge.

When he talked, he rub his wrinkled old hand on the porch banister, which he put up fifty year ago, and sanded down smooth and fine.

She ain't all that heavy, he said. Hit won't be nothing at all to carry the body down there and across the bridge.

He went back inside the house and said to his wife, I am going to have me a little sip. Then he recited, Early in the morning or late at night, a sip of corn will go just right.

She didn't like him to speak that poem. Melvin didn't



drink very much, but he sure like to take his sip. He take a sip most any time he feel like it, but he didn't get cross-eye drunk like a lot of men do.

Now he walk into the little kitchen and stared out through the checkered muslin curtains she had bought only 5 or 10 year ago. The sun was out for a minute, and then it turn dark from the April clouds a drifting by overhead in the sky.

Melvin sighed and pulled out a jug from underneath the sink. Then he poured a couple fingers in a jelly glass and sat down in a chair. Then he change his mind and got up and open the back door, so's he could hear the blackbirds that was busy out in back. The breeze come in through the door and made the little flowery dish towel on the rack by the counter flap around.

Hit's a right nice spring breeze, Melvin said.

He took hisself a little sip of the corn whiskey and smack his lips. Sweet tit, he said.

After a bit, he lean around the corner and look at the dead body, but it was still right there in the same place, the feet curled around like a baby's and the head half buried in the pillow.

She was a good wife, Melvin said out loud.

Then he sat and sip some more of the corn whiskey, and after a little bit, he got up out of his chair and walk outside onto the old splintered wood porch and down the cement block they use for a step and onto the bare ground. The grass was a growing high for April.

He walk out a little, took 2 or 3 steps in the sun and then a cloud pass overhead and he was walking 2 or 3 steps in cool dark shade. Then it was sunny again, and the blackbirds was flying here and there.

Melvin stood still and he sip the last of his whiskey. Then he turn around and look at the little house where he and Maude had lived for 50 years and more.

Maybe I better go down and get me some hep, Melvin said out loud. Maybe I better stop me a car and get some body to come up here and hep me with the body.

He stood and took a long breath and studied the back of the house. Then he said, No, she didn't like no body coming up here, unless they was invited. Unless she knewed they was a coming.

He walk back to the back door, step up on the cement block and stood on the tiny porch again.

Hit won't be no trouble, he said.

He went inside the house and put on his hat. Then he went over to the bed and look at the body.

I am strong, he said, and hit won't be no trouble for me to carry that body down to the foot bridge.

But it was heavier than he thought. He wrap it in a blanket and pick it up and was surprised to find out it was already getting to be a little bit stiff. No telling what time she had died in the night.

But he got her through the front door, and part way down the path. It was steep, but Melvin he knowed ever step, ever little turn, down through the dark pine trees.

He got the body halfway down, so's he could see parts of the road, and his feet slip out from under him, and both of them went just a sprawling. The body bounced a



couple times and half rolled out of the blanket, and Melvin he skin his elbow and jarred his shoulder so's he could hardly move for a minute.

He decided he need some hep, so he wrapped the body up comfortable and went back up to the house. Then he went into the kitchen and poured hisself another 2 fingers of whiskey. He sat there in the chair. He could feel the numb feeling in his shoulder and he was a wondering if he should go down to the road for hep.

No, he said, I will do hit myself.

So after he finish the whiskey, he was feeling better. When he walk down the path, he said out loud, Ain't many 83 year old men can carry a dead body down a mountain path.

Maude was laying right there where he had dropped her, and he got downhill from her on the path, and then he pick her up pretty good and start walking once again. His old legs was a shaking, though, and it look pretty bad for about 50 or 60 feet, but then he made it to the foot bridge, and by God went all the ways across that foot bridge, without stopping once, and the foot bridge kind of jump and wiggle the way it does, but Melvin, he knowed it like the wobble in his own 2 knees and didn't stumble or fall down once.

When he got to the other side, he tried to set the body down gentle, but dropped it, and again it roll half way out of the blanket. Poor Maude's face was pale and dead, and her arms was still crossed on her breast, the way she'd died. Her jaw was fixed open, and her eyes showed a little crack, like she was a taking a peek at him now and then to see how he was making out.

Melvin he sat there and breathed hard and tried to catch his breath, which took a pretty long time in coming back.

Then he got up and got the body in his car, which was parked there. He didn't drive it much, and ever now and then the battery was run down, but Melvin he always park it right there on the hill with the brake on, so's all he had to do if the battery was run down was let go the brake and the old car started a rolling down the hill, and before long, he just let out the clutch and the engine catch and start a running as smooth as ever.

This is what he done this time, too. Maude's body was laying half on the floor and half on the back seat, with its arms still crossed, like it was cold and was trying to keep warm.

Melvin drove all the way to town that way, a couple times moving over after cars had come up fast behind and honk for a while, because they want to pass.

When he got to town, he went to the undertaker who also had new and used furniture for sale in front of his store. The undertaker was Wilkie Thomas.

Melvin said, Wilkie, hit's Maude. She is outside there in the car.

What's the matter with her? Wilkie ask him.

She is dead, Melvin said.

Wilkie just raise up his eyebrows and stared long and hard at Melvin. You mean, your wife has died and you done brought her all this way by your *self*?



Who you think would bring her? Melvin said.

Then Wilkie said, Melvin, you been drinking?

Never mind about my drinking, Melvin said. Are you going to come out and get my dead wife's body or not?

Wilkie just raise his eyebrows once more, and stuck a toothpick in his mouth and said, Come on, then. Let's go take us a look.

When he saw the body lying in the back seat, all wrapped up like an Indian in a blanket, and with its arms crossed and its mouth open, Wilkie said, Well, lookee there!

How much for you to take care of it? Melvin said.

Well, Wilkie said. Well.

I said, how much will it cost to bury her? I ain't got much money, Wilkie.

Well, Wilkie said. How long she been dead?

She died last night, Melvin said. She told me she felt funny before she went to sleep. Didn't say she felt bad, just funny.

They say that a lot before they go, Wilkie said. Yes sir, they say they feel funny, and brother that's *it*! Know what I say when I hear that?

What? Melvin ask, rubbing his right shoulder with his hand.

I say that's a funny sense of humor, to think it's funny when you're about ready to die!

Wilkie give a little laugh then, but didn't keep it up when Melvin didn't join in.

When they went back inside, Wilkie got behind his desk and just sat there a few minutes, chewing on his toothpick. Finally, he said, Well, Melvin, I guess we better git started. Are you ready?

That's why I come here, Melvin said.

Wilkie nodded and then he yell out, Hey, Paul!

A voice answered from a room in back.

Come in here, Wilkie said.

A big young fellow wearing dark-rim glasses opened the door and asked Wilkie what he wanted.

Mr. Combs here, Wilkie said, has recently suffered the hardest blow of all. His wife of many years has passed away.

50 years, Melvin said. 52 years, to be exact. We was married 52 years ago. She was going on 30. She was a widow. I had been too busy a whoring around and a gaming and a traveling and a carousing and a drinking to settle down before that. I was 31.

While Melvin was talking, Wilkie and Paul was both a watching him, like what he was saying was the most important thing they had ever heard. They was paying so much attention that Melvin finally stopped, because he was not used to having other people listen very close to what he was saying.

When Melvin stop talking, Wilkie he just sat there nodding. He even pulled the toothpick out of his mouth and dropped it on the floor. He look like has was studying Melvin's words.

Then he started talking again, explaining to Paul what had happened. Paul, he said, this here's Mr. Combs, in case you haven't had the pleasure of meeting him yet. Mr. Melvin Combs and his wife, Rachel

Her name's Maude, Melvin said.

. . . which is what I meant to say, but I suffered a little slip of the tongue, momentarily; his dear wife, Maude, of 52 years went to a better realm in her sleep last night.

Died with her arms crossed, Melvin said.

Died with her arms crossed, Wilkie said, nodding.

You want me to go pick her up in the hearse? Paul said.

That won't be necessary, Wilkie said. Mr. Combs his self has brought his dear departed wife to us, saving us the trouble.

And gas, Melvin said.

And gas, Wilkie said.

Where is she? Paul asked.

Out in Mr. Combs' automobile, Wilkie said, passing his hand slowly through the air in the direction of the door.

I'll go out and get it, Paul said, and he walk out the door.

Smart fellow, Wilkie said. He goes away to college, and works for me part time.

Then Wilkie started a smacking his lips and shaking his head back and forth. Melvin, he said, do you have a death certificate?

No, Melvin said. You are the first person that seen her. Except for me.

Wilkie sighed and slapped both of his hands on the top of his desk. Well, he said, there are forms that have to be filled out and things that have to be done. I'll call Doc Wilson and see if he can come over and make out the death certificate. Meanwhile, you better fill out this form here.

Wilkie pulled a sheet of paper out of the desk drawer and shoved it toward Melvin. But Melvin he was just standing there a shaking his head no.

What's the matter, Wilkie said. You can write, cain't you?

Yes, I can write, Melvin said, but I cain't lift my arm. I done hurt my shoulder.

Hmmmm, Wilkie said. If I lift your hand up onto the paper, do you think you can sign your name?

I can try, Melvin said.

It worked. Melvin he signed his name, and Wilkie filled out the form, explaining what was on it.

When they had finished with it, Wilkie said, Melvin, would you like to take a couple aspirin for that there sore shoulder of yours?

No, Melvin said, hit's all right.

Must not be all right, or you could write with it, Wilkie said.

No, Melvin said, the writing is over and done with, so I don't need my shoulder no more.

Maybe you broke something, Wilkie said.

No, Melvin said, it don't feel like anything is broke.

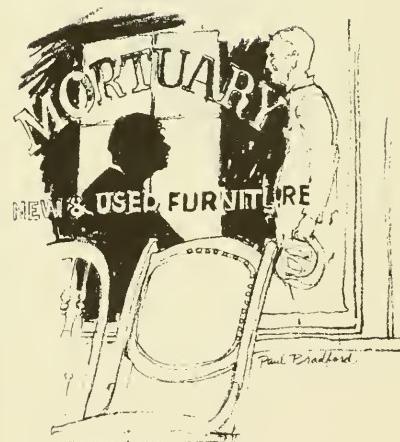
Wilkie took his watch out and look at it. I thought so, he said.

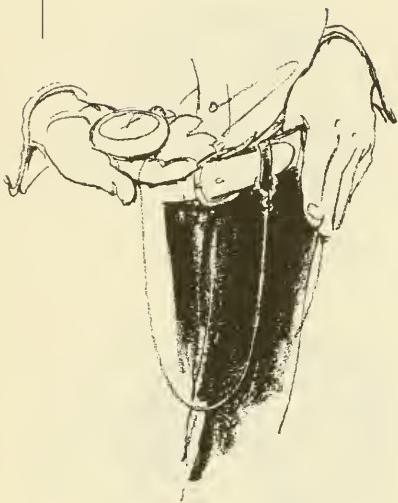
What did you think? Melvin asked.

I thought it was getting close to lunch time, Wilkie said. Would you like something to eat?

Melvin thought a second, and said, Yes, I could maybe eat a little something.

So could I, Wilkie said.





Then Paul he come back in, and Wilkie said, She was stiff, wasn't she?

Paul took a quick look at Melvin and then nodded, and said, Yes, she was getting pretty far along that way.

I thought so, Wilkie said. You get so's you can tell by just a looking.

I put her in the back room, Paul said.

You done right, Wilkie said. And wait here a minute, because we are going to have a little bite to eat.

Good idea, Paul said. I'm hungry.

Wilkie reached over and picked up the telephone. He dialed it, and said, Hazel, this is Wilkie. How about cooking six hamburgers with everything for us. I'll send Paul over in a couple minutes. Also a bag of potato chips. Also a six pack of ice cold Rolling Rock beer, and a can of 7 Up for Paul.

When he hung up, he looked at Melvin and said, Paul here don't drink, do you, Paul?

No sir, Paul said.

How much you weigh, Paul? Wilkie asked.

Oh about 230, Paul said.

If you drank beer, you would probably weigh more than that, Wilkie said.

230 is enough, Paul said.

Melvin said, I knew her long before that. Long before she was married, even.

What? Wilkie said.

We was in school together, Melvin said. Just little shavers. I pushed her in the creek one time.

He's speaking of his wife, Wilkie explained to Paul in a low voice.

I figured, Paul said.

Then we growed up and went our separate ways, Melvin said. Maude was married to a man named Chambers. He was killed in a mine accident about sixty years ago. And then I come back and there she was, a waiting for me.

Things certainly do work out funny, Wilkie said. Yes sir, they work out funny. You put that in a story book, and no body in the whole blessed world would believe it.

Chad Creek, Melvin said.

What? Paul said.

That's the creek he pushed his future wife in, Wilkie said. When she was a little girl. Then he said, Paul, you better go git on over and pick up our lunch, because it will be ready before long.

Yes sir, Paul said, and he went on out the door.

Where we been a living all these years, Melvin said. Right on Chad Creek.

Things certainly work out funny, Wilkie said.

When Paul come back with the hamburgers and things, all 3 of them sat down and started eating, right there in the office. Paul sat in a chair near the door, and read a book while he was eating.

He is studying his lessons, Wilkie said to Melvin.

Melvin drank 2 Rolling Rock beers, and Wilkie drank 4.

Paul went into the back room and went to work.

Doc Wilson came a little after 1 and pronounced Maude Combs dead.

Who crossed her arms? he asked.

She died that way, Melvin said.

Wilkie nodded and said, She told Melvin she felt funny before she died.

Doc Wilson just stood there and kind of looked at the 2 men, and then left.

Is that all there is to hit? Melvin asked after a little bit.

For right now, Wilkie said. Except for the funeral arrangements. However, you can come back later today and take care of them if you just want a simple service.

Melvin he didn't say any thing for a minute, and then he said, Hit just don't seem like enough, some how.

Oh it's enough, all right, Wilkie said.

But hit don't *seem* like it, Melvin said.

But it is, Wilkie said. Then he said, Melvin, did you carry the deceased's body all the way down that footpath and across the foot bridge?

Melvin nodded. Hit wasn't much, he said. Only thing was, I fell down like a blame fool and hurt my shoulder.

Can you move your arm now? Wilkie asked.

Melvin he move his arm a little bit and said, Looks like maybe I can.

You think you can get back to your place all right?

Why sure I can, Melvin said.

Well, just so's you can manage, Wilkie said.

A few minutes later, Melvin said good-by, and went out to his car.

He got in and drove back to the foot bridge.

He parked the car right on the rim and set the hand brake hard. He also put it in reverse gear. Then he got out of the car and walked across the foot bridge and went up the hill to the house. Then he turn around and look back at the road, but you couldn't see the road from his house. Only the pine trees a standing there thick and dark on the hillside.

Melvin stood there for a few minutes and listen to a car go past. Then he was sleepy, so he went inside the house and laid himself down on the bed, next to where she had died with her arms crossed.

For a while he didn't think of nothing very much, and then he remember that he hadn't even told them that he could remember when she had worn pigtails. This was even before he had pushed her into Chad Creek.

75 years ago.

His shoulder still hurt, but he knew he would go to sleep before long. He had always been a powerful sleeper.

He thought of her head sunk in the pillow, her legs curled up and her feet tucked back, her eyes not quite closed, so's she looked like she might be taking a peek at him, seeing how he was bearing up under it.

Stiff as a side of beef.

The whiskey and the beer was working on him, though. And he was drowsy.

He thought of her pigtails, and how he had pulled them until she give out with a yell that was so loud, ever body heard. The teacher had punished him then. Made him stand in the corner by his self.

It had all started way back then. Maybe even before. 

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